

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 73.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1894.

TWICE A WEEK \$2.00 A YEAR.

DELAYED

IN GETTING INTO OUR NEW

BUILDING.

The enormous stock bought for the enlarged quarters are piling in on us in our already crowded store. There is but one way to relieve this unfortunate condition. We'll make prices this month that will cause

RED HOT HANDLING.

Standard Turkey Red and Indigo Blue prints 4c yd.

Beautiful new choice prints including Simpsons & all best makes. 5c yd.

.39 inch all wool Tricot worth 40 29c "

New Standard Dress Gingham 5c "

Ladies Ribbed fall weight vests 15 cts.

Large size finely Quilted Bed Comforts, worth \$1.50 slightly damaged by water. 79 cts.

Celebrated Ipswich Boys' heavy ribbed Seamless Hose 15 cts.

Bargains in abundance awaits the coming of the seekers after

"Good measure, pressed down and running over."

Dassett & Co.
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

BIG THE RACKET. BIG

We are fixing to move into our NEW STORE corner Main and Tenth streets, Oct. 1st, 1894.

We are offering some wonderful bargains in all departments to reduce stock before moving.

We offer to each purchaser of \$2 worth from any or all departments, Fruit of the Loom, Masonville or Lonsdale, fine bleached Cotton at 5c per yard.

Positively none sold only as above except on WEDNESDAY. We will sell from 10-30 to 11 o'clock a. m. every Wednesday these brands of bleached cottons at 5c a yard.

Reduced prices on Shoes, hats, shirts, socks, suspenders, hardware, tinware, stationary, linen, lace curtains, ladies' vests, hosiery, underwear, ribbons, corsets, notions, Baskets and house-furnishings

The Racket Co.

J. H. Kugler, Mgr.
Hopkinsville, Ky.
Biggest store on Main St.

WISE ADVICE USE



CLAIRETTE SOAP

AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND LABOR.
MADE BY THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY St. Louis



THE GREAT EVANGELIST
TELLS HOW GERMETUER
BLESSED HIS HOME.

"My wife, who was an invalid from nervous stomach, has been entirely cured by Dr. Germetuer. I wish every poor suffering wife had access to that medicine. Two of my children were cured of neuralgic by it. It is truly a great remedy."
\$1.00, 5 for \$5.00. Sold by Druggists.
King's Royal Germetuer Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Obituary.
Mrs. M. J. Gregory, died Aug. 5th, '94. She was born Aug. 26th, 1812, at Winchester, Ky.

Her father and mother, Peter and Margaret Hall, moved to Christian county, Ky., near Church Hill, and lived there until death called them away. On March 8th, 1832, she was married to Isham J. Gregory, and moved to her home, the place she lived for 62 years.

In Nov. '93 she moved to her daughter's, Mrs. J. W. Gresham, where she lived for a little over 8 months. She left 6 sons and 1 daughter. As a mother, she was affectionate and kind; as a neighbor she was full of sympathy and love, ever ready to do her whole duty and minister deeds of love.

She has been a faithful member of the Methodist church for 60 years. She had the graces that are worthy of emulation. Her Bible was her constant guide.

She was afflicted for a number of years, but never a murmur escaped her lips. She bore it all with Christian fortitude. All her trials are over, she has gone home to rest, where death nor sorrow ever come.

We miss you much dear mother. Our home seems so lonely and drear. You added so much to our comfort. Our loss seems more than we can bear. In future dear mother, we'll miss you. When sickness or sorrow shall come, For the hands always ready to help us. Now lie in the silent tomb. Your heart beats were ever responsive, To the cry of grief or distress. And we know you're there, that dear heart. Has entered its rest sweet rest. Yes, we know you're safe in yon Heaven. That beautiful home of the soul. Where never a shadow of sorrow Again over the heart shall fall. Your loved ones were faithfully waiting Your angelic form to embrace you. We know they were glad to see you. And gave you your glorified face. The ones you have left, how lonely And dreary life seems to them now. But God gives us grace for this trial. To help us will we submitively bow. So we'll wait and watch a while longer. This side of the "Heavenly shore." Till Jesus shall bid us come over And reign with Him evermore. O won't the meeting be joyful, On yon bright "Heavenly shore." When friends who have loved and parted Will meet to part never more.

How Los Angeles Does It.
The sewage of Los Angeles, Cal., is conveyed sixteen miles out into the Pacific ocean and there finds an exit thirty feet below the surface of the water.

Julien.
Miss Mary and Sara Collins will leave in a few days for the South to visit relatives; and one young man has the Blues. Don't sigh Bud, the will return ere the leaves begin to fall.

We understand Dr. Rascos is very much improved and will soon return home.

Misses Lella and Bertha Barrow, of Sweet Water, Tenn., are visiting Miss Taylor Edwards. Miss Lella will remain here and take charge of Prince Hill Academy this winter.

We regret very much to give up Miss Florence Copps; she leaves to-day for Louisville to take charge of a school. Willie T. wants to go as a pupil.

Mr. S. R. White has just completed the largest stable in the neighborhood.

Some thief broke into "Aunt Jane" McReynolds', (col.) smoke house and carried away all her bacon.

Mrs. Ella Stowe is improving slowly.

On the morning of Aug. 21st, quite a gay little party left Hopkinsville for the Mammoth Cave. On leaving your city we numbered only nine. Before reaching the cave, however, we were joined by four more. The party then consisted of Mrs. Julia Baker, Miss Taylor Edwards, Misses Mahala and Amanda Phipps; Messrs. Emmet Caudle, Lewis Welforn, Fox Holloway, Ward Claggett, Charlie Graves, Mr. Brown and two young ladies from Chicago, and Mr. R. D. Shelley, of Waterproof, La. We reached the hotel at 12:30, and after doing justice to the nice dinner that was waiting, we were then joined by a party from Michigan; we then numbered 21 and marched down to the wonderful Mammoth Cave, and each gentleman was given a lamp. You could look round and see the shivering forms and hear the chattering teeth, and each one asking for another wrp as we felt the cold air from the cave, but a few yards beyond the iron gate the current of air dies down and you feel very comfortable. Our guide was named William and seemed to be very familiar with the great cavern, and ever ready to enliven with a repertoire of jokes. He was very respectful, but it was a duty to pick out the property of the cave; he told us it was a fine fifty dollars to chip off or carry away any specimens from the cave. Some of us already had some fine specimens but had to put them down; you ask Charlie if we didn't. I will not try to describe the sights at all, they are too wonderful and too numerous to mention. We took the short route first, and it was just grand. The first thing that attracted our attention was the salt prairie, wheel ruts and oxen tracks petrified in hard rock which was doubtless soft at the time of impression. Mr. Emmet Caudle was delighted and said he saw more wonderful sights than he did at the World's Fair. We saw the eyeless fish in the river Styx, and Mr. Claggett tried to catch one but was a little "too breezy." The Fox was very cunning and succeeded in getting ahead of the other boys, but when we came to the bridal altar he made a failure, (the Methodist minister was gone.) Martha's Vineyard and the Flower and Diamond chambers are just wonderful. It is worth a trip to see these alone. Miss Mahala Phipps could not see the "point" of Lover's Leap. We all passed through Fat Man's Misery with ease except Mr. Claggett. I was amused at Mr. Holloway, he asked the guide several times how long before we would get to the Fat Man's Misery, and the guide remarked not to be uneasy it will not bother you. We went both routes while there and saw many wonderful sights, but were worn out when we started home. Mr. R. D. Shelley left our party at Guthrie much to our regret; he was very pleasant and agreeable, but said he lost his last chance of a life-time at Bowling Green at the Barr. I will close for fear I have already written too much. Luck to the Kentuckians.

Captain.
Julian Hawthorne, who went with his wife and seven children to Jamaica some months ago, writes back that he has concluded to pass the rest of his life there. He is located on a plantation near Kingston, and growing orange and citron trees and coffee, and incidentally writing something which he hopes will interest our great grandchildren even.

Denys Pasch, whose marble figure of the scene had led many French people to look upon him as "the hope of the young art" of France, is the son of one of the poorest peasants of France, a farm hand who has struggled against poverty with one cow, half a dozen sheep and a tiny bit of land in the south of France. The son began to mould figures in clay when a small boy, and passed years in the direst poverty until he worked his way to France.

Mrs. Ye, wife of the Korean charge d'affaires at Washington, came to the United States in company with the wife of the Korean minister, Pak Yung Chang, and for some time the women were kept in seclusion. They have emancipated themselves, however, and now Mrs. Ye understands and speaks the English language, and can play on the piano, run a sewing machine, and do lots of other things that American women are taught to do in childhood.

Cheated Out of the Prize.
E. P. Jones, a bank president who died in Findlay, O., a few days ago, had the interesting commercial distinction of being the first applicant for a bank charter under the existing national bank law. The morning of the day the law went into effect, in 1867, he appeared before the controller and presented his application and the cash for the charter. The controller was not ready for business, however, and some one else secured the prize eventually, much to Mr. Jones' regret.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WRAITH OF A DISASTER.

The Chatsworth (Ill.) Wreck Re-enacted in Spectral Form.

Farmers Claim They Behold a Ghostly Excursion Train Go to Splinters at the Burning Bridge Spoke of a Live Chicago Man.

A little circle of Peoria men were standing in the union depot at Peoria, Ill., watching a stream of passengers file through the gates en route to a Niagara falls excursion train that was almost ready to depart.

"Strange, isn't it," spoke one of the party, "that it was August 14, some six years ago, if I remember aright, that the awful Chatsworth disaster occurred on the Toledo, Peoria & Western? To an excursion train bound for Niagara falls."

"Yes," replied another of the group, "that was a terrible disaster and a great loss to the road. The plucky Toledo, Peoria & Western paid all the losses, however, and you can rest assured that it will never have another wreck like it, nor half as bad, for that matter."

"You ever hear of the ghost of the Chatsworth wreck?" asked a third member of the party.

"No, neither have you," replied one or more quickly. "Well, I can't say that I have ever seen the ghost, or rather the ghostly apparition, but I have talked with those who claim to have seen it. They have evidently seen something mysterious, or else are bald fanatics on the subject of spiritualism."

"Well, let's have the yarn," said one of the boys. "You see, I don't go a cent on spooks and spirits," answered the young fellow who had introduced the subject. "I really am half-way inclined to believe that the story as told to me is the creature of superstitious imagination, but I will give you the tale. I am dead against making light of anything so terrible as was the Chatsworth disaster. But then, here goes! You see, it was thought for a long time that some villain had fired the little wooden bridge at the foot of the grade between Chatsworth and Piper City. The section house arrested, and finally turned loose, and others were suspected. Now some of the residents of that country claim to see the ghost of that wrecked train at night. It is said that at 9:30 or 10 o'clock the night of August 14, ever since that disaster a spectral form can be seen stealing along down the track until the bridge is reached. Suddenly a white mist or cloud arises from the bridge. It does not resemble fire in any sense, and for that reason railroad men, as claimed, have never seen the apparition. But it is said that at 11 o'clock a special train dashes down the track is wrecked by the burned bridge and that the sights and scenes and awful cries of that horrid night are re-enacted. One man claims to have run to the spot, but saw nothing. He says, however, that he was drenched to the skin by a heavy mist that seemed to hang over that spot."

"A very likely story, indeed," replied one of the group, "and a yarn I don't believe."

"Well," replied the narrator, "I don't believe it, either. Railroad men say it is a foolish lie that nothing ever appears on that part of the track. I guess it's a creature of the imagination, yet it comes pretty straight."

"I suppose you have all heard of Will Floreth's adventures some years ago. Not well, here it is," said another of the group. "Floreth used to travel for Day Bros. & Co., Peoria. He now with Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago. Floreth left Chicago one Sunday night in the Peoria sleeper. Soon after leaving Forrest Floreth got up in his sleep and night clothes and stepped off the train. He awoke in a cornfield and found himself clad only in a night robe. He nearly froze before he found a farmhouse. Floreth escaped with only two slight bruises. It was a wonderful case of somnambulism. And now they tell that Floreth's ghost haunts that cornfield and can be seen walking about in it on certain nights of the year. It's funny, isn't it, that a live man can have a ghost? I saw Floreth the other day. He was recovered and the Chicago general was so gratified that he made the hospital a present of a large sum of money and recommended that the honorary mania lunatic of the fifth degree be conferred on Dr. Park and his native assistant. The degrees were conferred by Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy, and the general made Dr. Park chief surgeon of his staff."

Artificial Blood Oranges.
Blood oranges are now prepared artificially. They are even richer in flavor than the regulation red orange of nature. An ordinary orange is punctured and a small quantity of California elaiot is injected by means of a power fulverizer.

MODERN SIR WALTER.

How a Laborer Saved a Woman's Skirt from the Mud.

She was a fair Chicagoan who was on a shopping tour. She carried three bundles—too precious to be left for delivery wagon—and a mackintosh and two boxes of candy also balanced in uncertain equilibrium about her. He was a big, plain, everyday workingman and his weapon was a pick, with which he waged successful war upon the cobblestones and the dirt of a badly mutilated street. Three little strips of wood were supposed to be enough at the point where she dismounted the car to enable foot passengers to cross the muddy thoroughfare, but just as she came opposite the man a little tilt of



THE MODERN SIR WALTER RALEIGH

the filmy pontoon bridge sent one of her daintily-shod feet up to the ankle into a mudhole, and when she drew it out it was a sight to make one weep. She could not go on without hopelessly soiling the edge of her skirt. She could not stop for bundles. She stood in petrified perplexity. Then the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh showed itself. The pick was dropped and the man grabbed a little stick and said: "Wait, miss, an' I'll clean yer shoe off." There seemed to be nothing else to do, so she waited. The rest of the gang leaned on their picks and shovels and watched the scene out of the corners of their eyes. When he had done all the exertion he could with the stick and quite a respectable pile of clay had been scraped from the small shoe he whisked out a red handkerchief and sort of substitute for Raleigh's cloak—and, still kneeling before her notwithstanding her protest that he would get it dirty, proceeded to clean the shoe with that. She thanked him and walked down the street with a little blush on her cheek. He touched his well-worn hat and gazed after her for a few moments, then stuffed the handkerchief in his overall pocket, saying: "It wasn't very clean, anyhow," and was again a common laboring man.

AN AMERICAN MANDARIN.

Dr. William H. Park Honored for Saving an Officer's Life.

Of late years the medical missionary has become an established feature in the evangelistic Christian missions in China. The native Chinese doctors are generally quacks, and when once an American or European gains entry to a Chinese family and makes a cure, the Chinese doctors are forever dismissed. The accompanying portrait represents Dr. William H. Park, an American. He is the surgeon in charge of the Methodist hospital at Soo-Chow, China. Dr. Park is dressed in the robes of rank of a Chinese mandarin.

He owes his rank to his success in saving the life of the aide de camp of a Chinese general, who had been carried up to the most approved style of the skillful assassins of the Celestial empire. The aide de camp of the general in command of the Imperial forces in the province of Soo-Chow, was set upon one dark night by assassins. He fought desperately, but received eleven frightful sword cuts. "Five were across the top of the head, ranging from three to six inches in length, every one of them down and into the



DR. W. H. PARK, Superintendent of the Methodist Hospital, Soo-Chow, China.

bone, and one of them through the skull, penetrating the dura mater of the brain."

He was taken to the Methodist hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Park and his assistants. The man recovered and the Chinese general was so gratified that he made the hospital a present of a large sum of money and recommended that the honorary mania lunatic of the fifth degree be conferred on Dr. Park and his native assistant. The degrees were conferred by Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy, and the general made Dr. Park chief surgeon of his staff.

THE GRAND ROUND UP

Of this season's business will be as follows: 100 men's & boys suits, all wool chevots, cassimeres & worsteds, light wts. and heavy wts., light colors and heavy colors, socks & frocks, regular value \$7.50 to \$16.50 all for the reduced price of

\$5.00

Also two lots of Childrens knee pant suits as follows: 50 Suits double breasted & single breasted, 4 to 14 yrs. regular value \$3 to \$5, choice for \$2.00. 50 Suits finer goods regular value \$4 to \$7.00 choice for \$2.50.

This sale begins Saturday, Aug. 25, and will continue till the lots are closed out, but first comes will get the best bargains.

These are positively the greatest bargains we ever offered & we do it to clean up the odds & ends in our store.

J. H. Anderson & Co.

THE WEAR OF A SHOE

Depends largely upon the kind of a sole it carries. Especially is this true, of

SCHOOL SHOES.

YOU WILL FIND

In our Children's Shoes, the very best sole leather, in both the outer and inner soles, every stitch of which we guarantee.

We are better prepared, this fall, than ever before, to furnish you with FOOTWEAR.

PETREE & CO.

J. H. DAGG, CONTRACTOR

AND BUILDER.

AND DEALER IN

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FRAMING, LATHS, LIME, SAND, DIAMOND & PORTLAND CEMENT, READY ROOFING.

Telephone No. 98.

Professional Cards.

DR. PRESTON THOMAS
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office over Bank Building
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

C. W. JONES
JONES & SKEER, PT.
Painters and Paper Hangers.
Hopkinsville, Ky.

We solicit your patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a call should need a work in our line. Collins' old stand. 21th St. W.

WHEN YOU

LOUISVILLE

Three year Photograph made at
WYBRANT'S

NEW STUDIO,
No. 327 W. Wright St.
(Over Massey's Theater)

Louisville, Ky.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
BROWN'S IRON BITTER
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility

DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE

and buy your harness before you see us. We will show you the largest and best line of HARNESS ever shown in the country at PRICES THAT WILL SURPRISE YOU. It is not how cheap but how good and OUR MOTTO has always been the BEST. We have everything from the heaviest farm harness to a home that can be bought in a first class shop. We will interest you if you will call on us.

F. A. Yost & Co